could not say why, only that he thought they were too weak for the weight they had to carry.

Mr. William Tress, architect, said he thought the wall strong enough, and that a 14 inch wall would have stood no better chance than the 9 inch, if the latter had been loaded perpendicularly. It was strutted, cross strutted, and well-tied in throughout.

Mr. Stevens, district surveyor, gave evidence to the like effect.

Mr. A. Ashpitel, architect, said, I have no doubt in my own mind that the accident arose from a flaw in the girder. I told my professional friends at the time that if they looked into the ruins they would find a girder with a flaw in it. The girders are very strong, and would not break with a pressure of less than 26 tons. Mr. Bell said 36 tons, but he has taken Mr. Tredgold's calculations, which are not suited to girders of so large a span. I well understand the nature of cast-iron. I have seen a great deal manufactured. I have examined the broken girder, and found a flaw in the lower flange, shewing that it was defective or bad iron. In the middle there is a hollow place, showing that it is not properly cast or run into the mould. It appears sound all round the hollow part, and this defect may not have been perceived. I do not think it had been fairly proved, not even struck by a hammer. It broke close by the side where the other girder crossed it. I should say it was the top girder which broke. If fireproof buildings are wanted, cast-iron must be used. The girder might have been tested, and borne it. I have known a girder tested and subsequently break while being placed in a cart. A girder may be tested with six tons. and a half ton placed upon it afterwards might cause it to go.

Mr. Woodthorpe, architect, gave his opinion that the building was not weak or defective in construction.

Mr. C. J. Corbett, partner with Mr. Bell in the building, handed in the contract with the iron-founders, and produced a certificate from Mr. John Scott, of Inverkeithing Foundry, near Edinburgh, shewing that the defective girder had been duly proved.

The jury came to the conclusion that the deceased "met their deaths from the falling of a part of the building erecting on the site of the Cross Keys' Hotel, Gracechurch-street, which appears by the evidence to have been caused by the accidental breaking of one of the iron girders."

This fearful accident, exemplifying as it does what we have too often had to point out, the heavy responsibilities of architects, and the great care requisite in the use of cast-iron in construction, seems to us to demand further investigation than was thought necessary by the jury. The reputation of Scotch castings will not be improved by this unfortunate occurrence, as the statement now stands. We have received several communications on the subject,* but postpone the consideration of them that we may not do injustice. Our position is often a painful one.

A FEW HINTS ON THE EDUCATION OF THE ARTIST.

Among many instances in which the purity of the artist's feeling has been unnecessarily sacrificed to a gross and indelicate matter-of-fact representation of nature, may be classed the study of the naked human form. On this point, it is not wise to affect too scrupulous a purism; still less would it be defensible to say a word in derogation of that noblest of all God's works, the human image itself. It is nevertheless most possible to study the nude form in a gross manner. Nay, perhaps we might even go further, and say that it is almost beyond the reach of human skill to give the undraped figure a perfectly spiritual treatment. There is that about our mortal coil, when it is dwelt upon by the mind, which reminds us too forcibly of sin to be brought before us *per se*, with anything like satisfaction.

One of our greatest modern painters, Etty, took, as might naturally be expected, a view of the subject totally different from that here advanced. "My character has been much misunderstood," he says, "by some, not a few, because I have preferred painting the unsophisticated human form divine, male and female, in preference to the production of the loom; or, in plainer terms, preferred painting from the glorious works of God, to draperies, the works of man."* No doubt such were the intentions of the painter. It is, however, to be feared that he did not succeed in thereby conveying to his works anything like an elevating moral character. They were, take them at the best, but material in their general aspect, gorgeous colour, and splendid drawing, without, however, conveying to the soul of man a single idea likely to refine or to elevate. What is the cause of this? It is not difficult to guess. The models from whom Mr. Etty studied were men and women of probably low birth. He selected them, we may imagine, with reference to their shape, the form of their limbs, or such like qualities. It is scarcely to be supposed that with such persons constantly before him, he was likely to attain to any thing better than a very low type of human nature. And so it was. In looking to corporeal forms, he forgot the life-giving spirit, and, therefore, when we contemplate his pictures it is scarcely possible not to be reminded of that class from whom most of his models were taken.

This is very sad, but it is, after all, just what an enlightened view of the history of art would lead us to expect. In the early religious painters we have purity of style accompanied by purity of life, and a certain contracted manner, showing a great narrowness of the intellectual powers as contra-distinguished from moral feelings. These are the schools in which we can only *study the feeling for art*. Strange it is certainly, but no less true than strange, that there is scarcely a religious subject of primary importance, of which the perfect ideal type has not been set forth by Fra Beato Angelico. Nearly the same praise may be awarded to Giotto, and many of the very early Italian schools. And yet these men were profoundly ignorant of anatomical science, and evidently took as much care to conceal their ignorance in this respect as the painters of later days have ostentatiously endeavoured to parade their knowledge. When, after the long period of darkness, which we justly call an age of barbarism, the fine arts began to revive, the first and the only spirit they received was that of religion. The Church—that wonderful power, the moving spirit of mediæval life—absorbed every intellectual effort of the human mind, as it were, within the circle of her own energies. In latter days the object of art has practically been very different—to minister to the luxuries or gratify the critical acumen of the wealthy connoisseur and the accomplished critic. In the first of these æras—the religious æra—the correct drawing of the human figure and the colouring of "flesh tints" was always viewed as subordinate to the general treatment of the subject, and to the effect of the whole design; but as men became better acquainted with anatomy, and began to see the importance of that knowledge to the artist, *the execution* of the design began to occupy a higher place in the estimation of the world, and the conception to be viewed as entirely secondary. The labour of the early schools was all directed to the glory of God, perhaps without sufficient knowledge. The object of the later schools has unquestionably been, the exaltation of the artistic skill of the individual as displayed in a faithful imitation of the object before him.

It seems, then, obvious that nothing can be a work of greater difficulty than to combine in the same picture results so opposite and principles which appear so contradictory. To attain artistic skill, we should have not merely scientific knowledge of the human form, of the origin and insertion of all the muscles, but we should be able to display these vast stores of knowledge without an undue degree of labour. Deep and pathetic feeling, on the other hand, can only be found where there is simplicity and purity. Its results can be given in no slight or perfunctory manner. It is not to be found in the careless dash of a Rubens, not even in a Murillo or a Vandyke—it demands patience and long suffering. We shall only find it in the simpler times, and a more superstitious age than our own. It demands all the energy of a primitive enthusiasm.

How the young artist may best combine these two desiderata—deep pathetic feeling and fulness of scientific knowledge—in a matter so delicate as the study of art, and more especially the naked form, is indeed difficult to decide. And, first, let this be well understood, that practical rules cannot be laid down save in the most general manner: each must do his best—each must follow the line he considers best for his welfare here and hereafter, in a deep, earnest, and thoughtful spirit. All that can be tendered by man to man on such a subject is advice. We cannot ultimately shirk the responsibility of our own actions, and upon each man's own heart the weight of making the decision must rest.

It will probably be thought unwise to abstain from studying the naked model altogether, particularly the male figure. It would, however, methinks, be well in those who desire to attain a style at once powerful and chaste, to confine themselves very much in the first instance to the crayon. There is something in the use of colour which is very attractive to the young mind, but which can seldom be pursued to any length without becoming sensualistic. Michelangelo's great merit was, that in spite of his knowledge of the anatomy of the human figure, he was always grand. There is never anything sensual about him. Of all painters he is, perhaps, the most truly heroic.

These remarks have some bearing on the present Exhibition, where we may consider, merely "*exempli gratia*," Messrs. Frost and F. Pickersgill as followers of Etty, and Messrs. Millais and Hunt as representatives of the Pre-Raffaellites. The fact is, that both these schools of art, which, by an extraordinary coincidence, flourish among us contemporaneously, have much to learn from each other. They are both in extremes: both worship nature, and so far both are right, yet the candid observer cannot fail to remark that they view her with a prejudiced eye. The Pre-Raffaellites evidently lay it down as their principle that the merit of the painter consists in overcoming natural ugliness, rather than imitating objects in themselves lovely. This doubtless is an error, but it surely is a nobler fault than to paint with refined skill pictures which aim rather at presenting us with a perfect type of corporeal beauty than a memorial in honour of moral excellence. We must not, however, be too hard upon the artists. The public, as a general rule, make the artists. In the exhibition, we have something for all tastes. Money will do anything in the present day. We have Lee and Cooper for our lovers of rural scenes; *tableaux de genre* of the highest excellence for Manchester and Liverpool; Herbert and Dyce for mediævalists; Grant for fair ladies; and Watson Gordon for intellectual men: "a little of everything"—such is the maxim of the year 1851.

Let us fully understand this, and not attempt to run too violently counter to the spirit of the times wherein we live. It will (or I am much mistaken) give us a respect for antiquity, without weakening an honourable feeling of self-reliance and independence.

THE GLASS PALACE BEATEN.—Dr. Duff, in his speech at the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in London, last week, thus described one of the heathen temples of India:—"In Seringham you have the hugest heathen temple that can probably be found from the north to the south pole. It is a square, each side being a mile in length, so that it is four miles round. Talk of your Crystal Palace! Why, as a man would put a penny into his pocket, you might put your Crystal Palace into the pocket of this huge pagoda. The walls are 25 feet high, and 4 or 5 feet thick, and in the centre of each wall rises a lofty tower. Entering the first square you come to another with a wall as high, and with four more towers. Within that square there is another, and within that again another,—and you find seven squares, one within another, crowded by thousands of Brahmins. The great hall for pilgrims is supported by a thousand pillars, each cut out of a single block of stone."

* One of them says, that in justice to Fox and Barrett's system it should be pointed out, as stated by the architects, that their system had nothing to do with the accident.

* Etty's Life, by himself.

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